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Poems
of Patriotism





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POEMS OF PATRIOTISM







POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

BY
WILLIAM HARTLEY HOLCOMB
(Author of Old Mission Rhymes)

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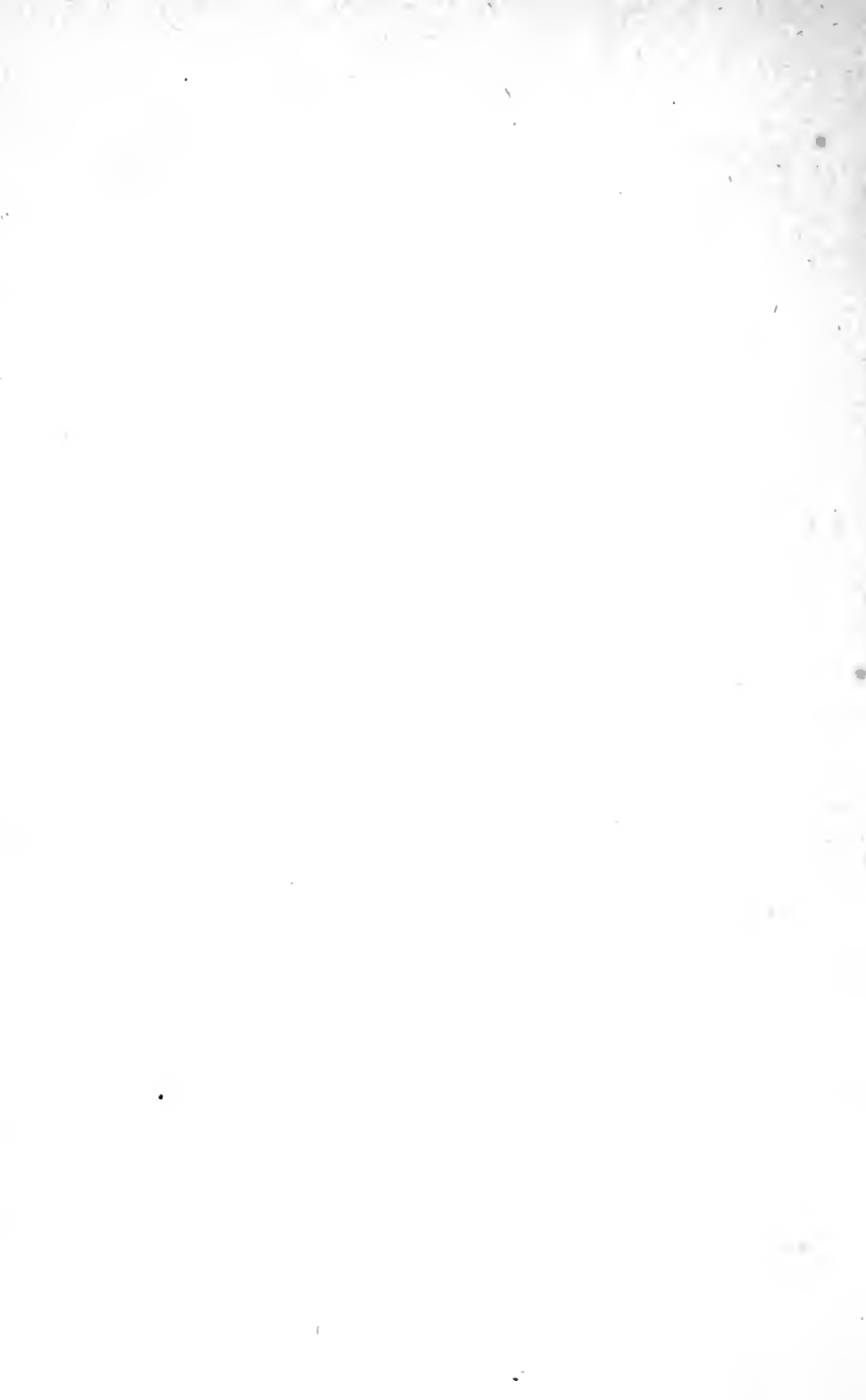
Dedication

AFFECTIONATELY dedicated to that sturdy, helpful army of workers who are doing so much for America today, and who will be our heroes in the years to come—the organization of BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA. The price of this little book is fixed at One Dollar, and the author has arranged with the publisher, that every penny received from sales of this book, above the publisher's actual costs of printing, binding and distribution, shall be retained by and belong to the organization of the Boy Scouts of America.



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The Boy Scouts

A little brown army invades our land,
Encircles about us on every hand,
Besieges our cities and countryside,
Yet, wakens our hearts with the deepest pride.

This little brown army of clean khaki suits,
Slouch hats, tight breeches and high legging boots,
Is ever patrolling in our plain sight,
Yet, always this army gives us delight.

It captures our cities and holds them fast—
Seizes each village through which it passed—
Holds us for ransom—the most dreaded part,
Yet, we pay the ransom with love from each heart.

This little brown army goes through our streets,
A smile and a nod to each one it meets;
Prepared for its duty, ready to fight,
Yet, this army draws sword only for Right.

As soldiers were quartered in ancient Rome,
This little brown army picks out each home,
And stations therein a brave soldier boy,
Yet, to each household this seems to bring joy.

And this army conquered without one shot,
“Surrender!” We stood transfixed on the spot;
It ordered: “Go on about your affairs,”
Yet, strange that this army helps in our cares.

This little brown army, know you its name?
Know you the password that gave it great fame?
Know you the spirit that slacks not, nor pouts?
“Service”—its password; its name, “The Boy
Scouts.”

Brave little army that swarms through our land—
Dear little, dutiful, peace-loving band;
Touching your elbows with War’s gruesome arm,
Yet, “doing your ‘bit,” without an alarm.

Bright little army, great patriots you—
Ever upholding the “Red, White and Blue”;
Steadfast in duty—examples you raise
For many “grown-ups” who hold back for praise.

Grand little army, accepting your drill,
Perchance the place of some brother to fill

On that firing line in far distant France,
If Fate should decree that you take this chance.

Fine little army, at work and in play,
Remembering to do some good thing each day;
How noble, unselfish and kindly your aims
Compared with some "grown-ups' " much vaunted
claims.

Little brown army we feel quite secure,
Knowing your watchful eyes pry very sure
Into all corners where enemies hide,
Or death-dealing traitors slyly abide.

Best little army this world ever had,
Seeking out good and disapproving the bad,
Each day that passes brings greater renown—
To the sturdy "Boy Scouts" army of brown.

Rest To the Hero

Fallen in battle, bravest and best—
Death's gentle sleep has lulled you to rest;
Closed are your eyes to the world-wide strife,
That seeks its victim in each man's life;
Shut are your ears to the dreadful roar
Of battle furies that round us pour;
Gone are your visions—yet, one remains—
“He who gives up his life for us—GAINS.”

Come bury him 'neath the tall flag pole,
Where the colors wave bright and true,
Red for his courage, White for his soul—
For his faith the Heaven-born Blue.

First in your country's cause, you would be—
Fighting, as you had fought, to be free;
Faithful in civil life, you gave all—
Donning your uniform, at the call;
Weighed not the sacrifice, you had made,
Thought not of home or friends—just obeyed;
God give our Nation men just like he,
That we may win our cause—LIBERTY.

Come bury him 'neath the tall flag pole,
Where the colors wave bright and true,
Red for his courage, White for his soul—
For his faith the Heaven-born Blue.

Liberty

Said Patrick Henry's inspired breath:
"Give me Liberty, or give me death."
And ages down through conquering years,
Those potent words will smite the fears
Of Patriots in slave-bound lands,
And give them urge to break the bands;
To loose the shackles that have pressed
With burdens on the sad distressed;
To water with their blood the sod
In holy cause, before just God.

"The battle, sir, not to the strong,
But to the vigilant," was his song.
Go bravely on—there's no retreat—
Submission now means base defeat;
Invincible to any force
We stand, committed to our course;
A just God doth o'er all preside;
Success will swell on rising tide,
And break the Tyrant's cruel power;
Peace will be born in that same hour.

“Peace, peace—there is no peace,” his cry;
A fire lights up each loyal eye;
No peace till war has wrecked the might
Of him who would the World affright.
Peace-loving France and Albion’s sons,
Now face the gale, and man the guns—
And beat the chains the Huns have forged,
And stay the beast with blood engorged;
Shall we bask idly in the light?
May God forbid—on with the fight.

“Is life so dear and peace so sweet?”
He asked; “That we should humbly meet
The purchase price in slavery’s chains?”
“No,” we reply; “Nor count the pains
Resistance means to this great foe—
The sea of misery and woe,
That war must inevitably cause;
Be free—or death—we cannot pause.”
While clash of arms their horrors bring,
Our song of Liberty we will sing.

Good-Bye, Mother

A Recruit's Letter

"Good-bye, Mother, we are leaving;
All aboard and feeling fine;
While the anchor's being lifted,
I am writing you this line.
Say "Good-bye" to brother Billy,
And kiss sister Lou for me;
How I'd love once more to see you
'Fore this ship puts out to sea.

And say, Mother, you won't worry?
Sure you won't—you must feel glad
That your boy's a great big soldier
Who last night was but a lad.
And say, Mother, write real often
All about our friends so dear—
For I reckon I'll get lonesome
Thinking of you over here.

And say, Mother, you tell Laura
That "I'll be as safe as pie";
I'll be back and get my darling
'Fore the end of next July.
For we're out to lick the Kaiser,

And we'll do it, you hear me—
Just as soon as we can reach him
It's a case of one, two, three.

Good-bye, Mother, now don't worry;
Dry your eyes and look real bright—
For we soldier boys are cheerful
Who have really got to fight.
And it makes us all more happy
If our dear ones, too, are brave;
Then, you know, we all must sometime
Look into the open grave.

And, dear Mother, which is better
When we hear God's final call,
To be heaping up mere riches
Or to save our Country's fall?
I for one prefer to suffer,
If there's suffering to be,
Holding up our starry banner
That our Country may be free.

Now good-bye, the ship is moving,
I must close this, and away,
So the tug-boat's mate can mail it
When they cut loose down the bay;
Good-bye, Mother, now be happy—
Durn the luck—excuse this blot—
Guess the ocean's splashing over
Try'n to wet up all I've got."

Hold On, France

We are coming, France, yes, coming;
We are coming millions strong;
Hold the line a little longer—
You will hear our battle song.

We are coming from the cities—
From our busy marts of trade;
We are coming from the country,
Where our blood and brawn are made.

From the Eastland—from the Westland—
North and South—we all unite,
And our men by teeming thousands
Hasten forward to the fight.

When we heard your cry of anguish—
Heard the call of Freedom's cause—
Not one moment did we tarry,
Nor one moment will we pause,

Until all our manly millions,
Or enough are on the way

To hurl back the Tyrant's hirelings,
And help France to win the day.

Listen, France, and you will hear them—
Steady tramp of marching feet;
Noble men, and strong with courage,
Who have never known defeat.

Look up, France, and you will see them,
Lithe in limb and keen of eye—
Not one blemish to the profile
As their serried ranks go by.

And we give them, freely give them,
Greatest gift the world has known,
That your freedom, and our freedom
Never shall be overthrown.

Courage, France, we know your brave
ones,
Glorious Marne, and bold Verdun,
Valor spots on our World's pages
Which are not forgotten soon;

And we're sending you these millions,
With upspringing, gladsome pride,
That our loved ones, with your loved
ones,
Will be fighting side by side.

My Love Is a Soldier Boy

My Love is a soldier laddie;
Handsome boy, so tall and straight;
Dressed in closely-fitting khaki
No one else can look so great;
And he loves me—yes, he loves me—
And I love him as my life;
How it hurts to have him drilling
For a part in this war strife.

But he tells me, "there's no danger,"
"Two per cent," I think he said,
Of the brave boys who are fighting
That get numbered 'mongst the dead;
And he says, "I'm out for glory;
I will make you proud of me—
I'm a private now, but some day
Soon, a Captain I will be."

"When we all come homeward marching,
Flags a-flying, victory won,
And the folks are all hurrahing
And each mother hugs her son,

And you see me as a leader,
Toasted by the best in town—
Then I'll pick you from amongst them—
Mine for life, and settle down."

"We will have a little cottage,
Rose embowered with gravel'd walks,
And a shady little arbor
Where we'll sit and have our talks;
And I'll tell you of the battles
Where we fought and won much fame,
Of that day, mayhaps, the Orders
Mentioned me outright by name."

"And the flight of years so happy—
Still will find us happy, too,
For you'll share with me the glories
Of the battles I've gone through;
And perhaps about our fireside
Little ones will come and play,
And they'll listen to the stories
'Daddy' tells of that great day."

Ah, if this could happen truly
And he need not take the chance
Of that "two per cent" of lost ones
On those warring fields of France,

I would be the happiest mortal
That kind God has ever made :
Is there no way but through sorrow
That old Earth's sad debts are paid?

There now, "Buck up," says my soldier ;
"Right about" and "Dress" the line ;
"Forward, March" ; I'll show him, women
Don't all need to fret and whine ;
That we give up for our country
All we have, and keep dry eyes ;
If the roll call finds them absent—
Then—why, that's our sacrifice.

The Spirit of 1918

Those days in Seventeen Seventy-six,
And then, in Eighteen Sixty-one;
Again, when Cuban patriots
Announced that Spanish rule was done—
Were stirring days and warsome days—
Were days when heroes heard the call—
But fighting Germany in France,
For downright Spirit, beats them all.

We love that wounded fighting corps
That typifies proud Seventy-six,
And Lincoln's Gettysburg address
Reunion in our land depicts;
While Dewey at Manila Bay,
And "Teddy" charging San Juan Hill,
Portray the Spirit of Ninety-eight,
Which gave that day its proper thrill.

.But all the Spirit of those times
Boiled down and crystallized in one
Could not begin to duplicate
The "grit" with which we'll face the Hun:

And all the money, ships and guns,
And all the brave and manly men,
In all the wars we've ever fought,
We now can multiply by ten.

And like past wars of our free land,
No selfish purpose underlies;
The Spirit bids us on to save,
Not lust of gain or grand emprise.
Our aim is righteous, cause is just;
We champion Liberty and Right;
No Tyrant calls us to the sword,
We, one and all, resolve to fight.

The Spirit moves this avalanche;
This incensed Nation goes to meet
An Autocrat, who drives his slaves
To put the World beneath his feet.
The Spirit moves, we follow on
Undaunted by the slightest doubt;
Across the battlefields to come
We hear today the Victory shout.

“Sonny, Dear”

Three months have gone, my Sonny,
Dear—

Three dismal months of dread and fear—
Since that eventful gala day
When my brave soldier marched away.
I hear again the people's cheers—
Cheers rising from a sea of tears;
I hear again the martial strain
Of music, echoing forth my pain;
I feel again your loving arm—
Your kiss, those lips—so fresh and warm;
My ears still catch your stifled sigh—
You were too big and brave to cry;
And then, the troop train rolled away,
And Life took on its hue of gray.

Three months have gone, and somewhere,
Dear,

“Somewhere in France,” 'tis printed here,
You, whom I nestled at my breast,
And with soft croonings put to rest;
You, whom I cradled at my knee

And gently nursed through infancy—
Heart of my heart—a twain of one,
Flesh of my flesh—my only son—
This paper says, “Undaunted held
The line, the Germans hotly shelled;
And gave them back a hundred-fold
In pay for wickedness untold;”
My boy, who at my apron grew,
Has kept our high traditions true.

“Somewhere in France”: Ah, that
“Somewhere”:

If I were only nearer there,
To comfort you if you were ill—
A Mother once, is Mother still;
And somehow never grasps the plan
Of years that changes “boy” to “man.”
While praises of you give me joy,
Somehow, I’d rather have my boy—
My boy, with curly head at play,
Playing the soldier he’d be some day—
Than winning Glory now in France,
’Midst gas and shell and Life’s one
chance;
Somehow, I’d love him just the same
Without the Glory and the Fame.

Three months in France: Ah, Sonny,
Dear,
If three months more would bring you
here;
Our arms unconquered—Peace at last—
A Peace to bind the whole world fast;
That not again shall mother's heart
Break, as she sees her son depart;
A Peace that makes all Nations free,
That saves for us our Liberty.
And Sonny, Dear, 'tis hard to say,
Somehow, if Peace comes not this way,
And you must fight on to the end,
Then I to Fate will humbly bend;
Upheld, to know my son died brave—
A worthy son, in an honored grave.

The Women Knit

From the early days of Lexington,
Where our forefathers fought the fight,
Behind stone walls for Liberty's cause
And championed forever the Right—
Through those other days of Eighteen
Twelve,
When we fought our right of the sea,
And then, through our own long Civil war
Which held that the slaves should go free,
The men went to war, the women at home
Were busy at knitting them things,
And they put them in with each knitted
stitch,
Their love and the courage it brings.
And today they knit while soldiers train
To fight overseas for our land,
And they knit in the Love that makes men
brave
With a magic dexterous hand.
And history says 'twas ever thus,
As that is the way of the world,

For women to knit and men to fight
The legions against them hurled.
Those warm woolen socks and knitted scarf
That come to him over the sea,
Bring with them a flood of tender love
And rechristen fond memory;
They baptize anew his high design
To win for his flag there unfurled,
For women must knit, and men must fight
For that is the way of the world.

The Aegis of Our Fathers

Stain not the glory of our Father's time—
Their blood cries out from ground made once
sublime,

By patriots whose breasts burned with true fire,
Who played life's glorious song on Freedom's
lyre:

In vain they fought, they bled indeed in vain
If we refuse to bear this weight and pain—
Nor drive the hideous beast back to his lair
To languish in confusion and despair.

In vain they crossed the strange and boisterous
sea

To found a land for all who would be free,
If we lack valor now to lead the fight
And make secure for all their great birth-right.

We scorn to be mere slaves, we will be free—
Nor follow dictates made beyond the sea,
By tyrant king, nor his accursed train;
Nor wear a gaudy dress to hide the chain
That Slavery deigns to don as pleasing mask—
Mere ensigns of a Despot's heavy task.

Beneath the sacred banners of the past
We now enlist and give the die its cast.
With every method known to human power
We now resolve to end this wicked hour;
United zeal and fortitude we give
That our forefather's memories may live.

If we perform our part, a gracious God,
Who did protect our pious father's sod,
Will still be mindful of the strength they gave,
And bare his arm for us, to bless and save.
Direct our councils, God, while we outfling
The flag of Freedom, and its paeans sing;
Approve our measures that this land you blessed
May true asylum be for all oppressed;
That bright and strong our Nation's light may
 glow
To guide all peoples as they onward go,
Until at last a peaceful World shall be
Protected by our goddess—Liberty.

Service Flags

The sordid roll of business wheels
Grind on the dirty streets,
Unmindful of our drafted sons
Out on the deep, in fleets;
Old gay Broadway keeps up its pace
From dark-time until light,
Unthinking of the soldier boys
Who hold the trench at night.
The careless come, the reckless go
Unhallowed on their way,
Unheeding of the wounded ones
Or Death's toll of each day;
But, down the street at a doorway drear,
There hangs a strip of red,
With its center white, and one blue star
Like azure from overhead;
And further down is another strip
With two stars shining clear,
While a third with three on its white field
Hangs in a window near;
And we know that out of the world of
men,

The wise and thoughtless gay,
Six strong true men have heard Freedom's
call

And bravely marched away.
And we know three homes on that same
street

Where happiness used to be,
Now places keep for three vacant chairs,
Here one, there two, there three;
And we know three homes where anxious
fear

Await the coming morn,
When street boys call out the battle news
Night's wireless wings have borne.
Then doff your hat to the Service Flags,
You man of careless mien—

A nobler scroll on Honor's Roll

This world has never seen;
For first in duty, first in war,
Their valor will not cease,
And when they come marching home
again,

They will be the first in Peace.

At the Third Shot

The Cyprus was a stately ship,
Built on the river Clyde,
And many a cargo did she bring
From France to the other side;
And many a Master trod her deck
And called her his own pride.

The Cyprus was a speedy ship
And raced the waters through,
And many a load of precious freight
Was handled by her crew;
And many a man, and wife and child
Took passage 'cross the blue.

The angry winds are blowing strong,
The waves are running high,
The Cyprus breasts the mighty seas
Beneath a wintry sky;
The passage ways are battened down
To keep the good folk dry.

The daylight wanes, dark evening comes,
The winds become a gale,

The lookout dons his warmest coat
And clings upon the rail;
And peering forth in the icy spume
He watches for a sail.

And all below is revelry,
Unheeding of the night,
Or dangers lurking in the deep
Without just cause or right;
Fond parents play with children gay
So lovely to the sight.

When loudly sounds a cannon's boom,
A scream of shrieking shell
Goes wide the ship; a hissing plunge
Is all that one can tell;
The gathered folk in startled groups
Await in breathless spell.

Again the booming noise resounds,
Again the angry screech;
The Captain orders "Full ahead,"
To get beyond its reach;
The saintly folk repeat the prayers
Their mothers used to teach.

A moment more, and then, Oh, God:
A sickening, shivering thud—

A deaf'ning crash, a blinding flash—
An ocean stained with blood;
And women's souls, and children's souls,
Go out on the flying scud.

Oh, Pity: how idle is that word
When heard by cruel Hun;
For laughter runs through his bloodless
veins,
At fearful slaughter done;
And only mermaids sadly wail
At rising of the sun.

Awake, My America

Awake men, America calls for her strong ones,
Great heroes in making, courageous and bold;
The World's future freedom depends on her
brave sons

To rise as avengers, like true Knights of old.
Make haste, for your brothers in arms are in
battle,

And know not the reason of your long delay;
Sleep not in your folds like dumb, senseless cattle,
But gird on your armor and march swift away.

Across the sad world torn by conflict and anguish
Dependent on bounties bestowed by your hand,
Where millions bereft in dire urgency languish
All eyes are expectantly turned to your land.
Their millions outworn by the cannon's fierce
shelling,

Are straining their ears for the sound of the
feet

Of oncoming legions, their faith has been telling
Would join with their strength in the Kaiser's
defeat.

The riches and ease that your land has enjoyed
For one hundred years in this home of the free,
Has lulled you to think that by peace means
employed
Fair Justice and Right would be born o'er the
sea :
But wake, men, nor tarry, the peace plan is
truthless,
Already has Victory crowned the advance
Of vast German armies defiant and ruthless,
Their east line in Russia, their west line in
France.

Then haste ye, arise, for the bugles are calling,
The bond tie of Liberty rests on your swords;
List not to the lure of Disloyals appalling,
They cumber the earth with their treacherous
words :
Awake, for America now is in danger,
Strike soon, lest your efforts will prove them
too late,
And Freedom to your land will hence be a
stranger,
And slavery forever your loved ones' sad fate.

Honor the Uniform

Honor a soldier's uniform,
Be it khaki or be it blue,
For it is a badge of Honor;
Give Honor, then, its due.
Hold not aloof the welcome hand
From the wearer who does his part,
Show forth your duty to our land—
A duty of the heart.

Wherever you see a uniform,
Be it khaki or be it blue,
Show it some act of kindness—
It is fighting for you.
A smile, a nod, a little gift
Is a very small thing to pay
The wearer of that uniform,
Who fights for you today.

Salute your country's uniform,
Be it khaki or be it blue,
Behold, it stands for Freedom,
Freedom for yours and you;
Between you and the Teuton hordes
These wearers now bar the way,
Defending your home with their
swords—
They fight for you today.

The Burying Squad

Come with me, Soldiers, gently tread the hallowed
ground,

Lest we irreverently profane the spot
Where all that's mortal lies beneath this hurried
mound,

Of they, who victims fell of flame and shot.
Our duty tenderly to place within the grave
The day's dread list of dying heroes brave.

'Twas piteous sad to lay these youthful forms
away;

To think Ambition burned once in each breast;
That these once stalwart sons, now mere
recumbent clay,

Some loving mother one time fondly pressed;
To know that all in life on which man's mind is
bent

Was garnered up and in one moment spent.

Perchance tomorrow? When? Have we the
right to ask?

Another crew will form the burying squad—
And we, who now perform this gruesome task,

Our turn may come to go beneath the sod.
Here's trust, that they of us, like we of these will
tell—

“They fought the fight, and did their duty well.”

A Proud Mother

A more splendid, striking or graceful lad
Can be found in the wide world over,
Than my handsome boy—my navyman,
“Thad”—

Who has taken to sea like a rover.
Just watch how sturdy and faithful he stands,
Awaiting his call for some duty;
His wind-beaten face, and brown sun-burned
hands
Are for Freedom's work—not for beauty.

Of all in our home he was first for fight
When peril encompassed our Nation;
He took up the sword to uphold the right,
And will never retreat from his station.
I have no fear—I am proud of my boy,
Who grew by my side with his prattle—
I know he will bring his mother true joy
When he wins his first glorious battle.

“Tennessee”

For he was a jolly sailor lad,
And he came from Tennessee,
Where much tall timber may be had
Almost as tall as he.

And he was as brave a sailor boy
As lives in the wide world o'er;
Although he had been his Mother's joy
And had heard no cannon's roar.

When he enlisted one autumn morn,
His tall form seen from the rear,
Provoked the landsmen to laughing scorn
He looked so gaunt and queer.

Since six long months had sped them by
With food and sea discipline,
Then he was a match for anyone,
Be he fat, or tall or thin.

While he sailed like a sailor bold,
On land he took his fling
With the gay, until night grew old—
And loudly would he sing:

Oh, here's to the rollicking navy boy,
With the scent of the fresh salt sea,
With his sunlit face and frolicking pace,
And a starboard list to the lea;
"You may trust this boy with your
country's flag—
And to bed and never fear—
For he'll lick the enemy into a rag,
Then say, 'Where do we go from
here?' "

And he was in many a fight—
For he sailed the fiery main—
Where swift torpedoes prove their
might,
With wreckage, blood and pain.
Like some keen hound fast on its prey,
Our sailor boy sailed on;
He counted lost that wretched day,
With no scrap or battle won.
Undaunted? Yea, with eager glance,
He viewed the storm-swept sea—
This clear-eyed son of a timber lance
Who came from Tennessee.
And then anon he'd sing his song,
To cheer his wearied mates,

And they the chorus would prolong
With a noise to tempt the Fates.

“You may trust this boy with your
country’s flag—
And to bed and never fear—
For he’ll lick the enemy into a rag,
And say, ‘Where do we go from
here?’ ”

One night while the wind blew a gale,
And seas were lashing mad,
An enemy shell below the rail
Caused death and havoc sad.

She settled slowly to her bed
In deep Atlantic’s breast,
About her floated the live and dead,
On the billow’s heaving crest.

Then above the roar of wreck and gale,
Came the Tennessee sailor’s cheer :
“Say, mates, keep your eyes peeled for a
sail—
Where do we go from here?”

Alas, the crew of this brave ship,
And the sailor tall and straight,
Next morn at Heaven’s golden slip
Sailed in through the pearly gate.

And doubt not that the angels missed
The voice of that sailor clear :
“Say, mates, when we get through with
this,
Where do we go from here?”

March On, March On

March on, march on, my countrymen,
Sheathe not your valiant blade—
This day you fight for Liberty—
Man's liberty—God made.
Already hath the enemy
Profaned each sacred right;
March on, march on, my countrymen,
And crush his wolfish might.

March on, march on, my countrymen,
March on beyond the Rhine—
And teach the woman-slaying Hun
This stream is not divine;
Avenge brave Belgium's fated wrongs,
With ringing clang of steel;
March on, march on, my countrymen,
Make horse and rider reel.

March on, march on, my countrymen,
March on beyond the Rhine—
The ruffian now is parcelling out
The World within his line;

Your children, wives and native land
He covets in this hour;
March on, march on, my countrymen,
And stay his ruthless power.

March on, march on, my countrymen,
March on beyond the Rhine—
Lest ye be ruled by Teuton tongue
With claim of "Right Divine."
Fight for your women you would save—
Your children you would guard;
March on, march on, my countrymen,
And strike the Tyrant hard.

March on, march on, my countrymen,
March on beyond the Rhine—
For on this field you peril all
Your happiness and mine;
'Midst splintering shell on wavering line—
Hear, hear, our ringing breath—
March on, march on, my countrymen,
To Victory, or Death.

Gifts

I still have the ring, Annie, dear—
The ring you gave unto me
From your own sweet hand, Annie, dear,
'Ere I came across the sea;
Each day, many times, Annie, dear,
I kiss this circlet of gold—
A kiss meant for you, Annie, dear,
But multiplied one thousand fold.

I still have the book, Annie, dear,
The testament bound in red;
I read it each night, Annie, dear,
Before the camp signal "To bed";
I read in this book, Annie, dear,
The sweetest story e'er told;
How I prize these gifts, Annie, dear—
This book, and the ring of gold.

I still have the kit, Annie, dear—
The kit your kind hands prepared—
Its buttons and thread, Annie, dear,
Are by all my company shared;

And this woolen scarf, Annie, dear,
 Impels me to feel quite rich,
For the millions of love, Annie, dear,
 You knitted in with each stitch.

And I love you most, Annie, dear—
 Most of all this wide, wide world;
It is love for you, Annie, dear,
 That I fight for for our flag unfurled;
To save you, my sweet Annie, dear,
 From dire fate should we lose this
 strife—
I will fight to the end, Annie, dear,
 And willingly give my life.

To Kinsmen On the Line

All hail, my valiant Kinsmen,
My Kinsmen on the line;
The blood of our brave ancestry
Exalts your veins, and mine.
The pride of Family fealty
Goes welling through my heart,
To know my gallant Kinsmen
Have Glory for their part.

At Lexington and Bunker Hill
Our family won its name
As Champions of Liberty,
And met undying fame;
At Chancellorsville and Gettysburg,
Descendants in their line,
Though wide apart in "blue" and
"gray,"
Yet, made our Honor shine.

All honor, valiant Kinsmen,
Your faithful patriot hand
Takes up the sword in Freedom's
cause,

To save your native land;
Were I befitted for the strife,
Your danger would be mine—
My ringing steel would guard your
steel,
My blood would mix with thine.

My pride, most valorous Kinsmen,
Flows through my blood again—
That you will keep traditions true,
Our name without a stain;
Like our forefathers, you will be
Foremost in loyal cause—
And in the thickest of the fight
Uphold God's righteous laws.

My Big Pal, "Al!"

Knew you my Pal? My lifelong Pal?
He that was so straight and tall?
He called me "Jim," I called him "Al"—
And I was the envy of all.

Our friendship was like man and wife—
Together we played as mere boys;
Knew nothing of warfare or strife—
Just town-folk with all our small joys.

Then came this world call for more men
To beat back the ravaging Hun—
And we were both drafted, and then—
Our real work of life had begun.

"Al's" Mother, God bless her, was sad,
When we drafted men came away;
An orphan I, yet folks felt bad
When I left my home on that day.

And think of the luck that was mine,
To go to the same camp with "Al,"
For it made the dull moments shine
To be near this good-natured Pal.

And luck again followed my track
As the big ship sped out to sea—
To know, that as I looked back,
“Old Al” stood there looking with me.
And bless his great blubbering heart,
A tear stole from out his warm eye—
Then quick to uphold the brave part,
He laughingly said, “I won’t cry.”
For that was “Al’s” way all the time,
So manly, courageous and brave—
He poked fun at things most sublime
To keep us from being too grave.
But don’t think his whole life a jest,
For he had his sober times, too—
When “Mother,” whom he loved the best,
Came stealing on memories true.
No girl had a more tender heart,
To save it I think he grew rough;
A queer kind of protective art
That makes sensitive natures tough.
For me, why bless his great soul,
He’d not let me suffer a thing—
Would have taken my name on the Roll,
If he’d thought my exemption ’twould
bring.

And out on the front firing line,
He trimmed up our dugout like home,
With pictures of actresses fine
And a motto, "Where does my boy
roam?"

And the boys from along that trench
Would gather in there every day,
And leave for a time the bad stench
Of "No-Man's land" over the way.

And there would be laughter and song,
For "Al" was the life of the camp—
While old Fritz's guns boomed along,
And his glum watch kept up their
tramp.

Quick wit, a big body and mind,
Rough mannered, but good as pure
gold;
"Old Al" was the best of his kind—
The camp rang with stories he told.

The officers knew he would fight,
For oft' in the thick of the shot,
They had to hold back his great might
Lest he would charge rashly the spot.

At night time when stars were out clear,
I always felt safe if "Old Al"
Was holding the list'ning post near—
No one seemed so shrewd as my Pal.

One night we were doing our stunt,
Not heeding the shell's screaming
storm;
And "Al" said: "Wish Mother could
see this front,
And me in my new uniform."

"She'd worry at all this bad mud,
And hunt up a broom for a sweep,"
And he laughed, then he thought of the
blood,
And the scenes that would make her
weep.

"Can't be did," said he, "Not just yet—
Our mothers can't come over here,
But when this war's over, you bet,
I'm for home with my uniform 'dear'."

And he laughed at the seeming jest
Of his uniform being "dear,"
And I joined in with the rest,
Not thinking the end was so near.

. When came there a blinding hot glare,
The horror no words can portray—
A ball of fire swirled through the air,
And made night a lurid bright day.

I fell at the first, 'neath the wall,
Then slowly came back to the world;
Poor "Al," who was so big and tall,
Caught the full force of that which
was hurled.

We pulled out his huge, bulky weight
From debris the missile had thrown;
He whispered: "I'll be all right, Mate—
Don't jump if I let out a groan."

Poor "Al," he had got his death stroke;
We carried him down to the base,
But still he would crack off a joke
About some hearse-ambulance race.

A few days he lay wan with pain—
The surgeons had come to perform;
Said he: "I'll see Mother again,
But it won't be in uniform."

And we buried him in a mound,
With ten others killed on that day;
The firing squad let off its round,
And we all turned and marched away.

So that was the end of my Pal,
His end here on earth, I should write,
For I bet big, good-natured "Al"
Is joking the angels tonight.

Unidentified

Only a locket of tarnished gold,
With tiny picture, faded and old,
Of kindly woman with care-worn face,
Where marching years had left their sad trace.

Only a cross that the Priest had blessed,
Hung with the locket upon his breast,
By a narrow bit of ribbon red—
Remains to identify the dead.

Found where the contest had been the worst,
Blown to atoms as some big shell burst—
One of a thousand lost on that day—
None have returned to tell of the way.

Some in war prisons may time await
For fair exchange to decide their fate;
The rest are named, except this one;
Who knows the picture—will name the son.

Out in the world some mother stands
Shading her worn eyes with her hand—
Gazing in space, as if by chance
To catch a glimpse of her boy in France.

"Missing"—the words she read are clear;
Not dead, but missing, brings Hope near;
And Hope says: "Let the home fires burn,"
To greet my boy on his return.

Earth to earth we commit this brave,
To all the Honors of a grave—
The locket with its ribbon band
We give into the Chaplain's hand.

Once more we look on that dear face
Of "Mother" the locket holds in place;
That Heaven will give his brave soul rest,
This cross assures—that the Priest had blessed.

Not on this earth will he be known,
But there, before the Heavenly throne,
Mother and son will joyfully meet—
God joins his own at the Mercy Seat.

Who was this man? What was his name?
A soldier who won deathless fame—
One whom History will with pride
Write down as *UNIDENTIFIED*.

“Extra”

“Extra! Extra!” A raucous cry
Of shouting newsboys that speed by;
Oh, how my heart trembles within
At sound of this discordant din.

“Extra! War Extra—Latest News;
“Journal” or “Call”—which will you choose?”
I falter with a haunting dread—
His name may be on the list of dead.

“Extra—Extra—Big German Drive;
Ten Thousand Prisoners Taken Alive;”
How dare I read, perhaps his name
Is entered there on the Roll of Fame.

“Extra—U. S. Boys on the Line;”
“Hurrah,” say some—“That’s doing fine;”
My prayer is now: “God keep him well
And save him from War’s torturing Hell.”

“Extra—Sammies in Thickest Fight;”
Oh, agony of day and night—
The dread suspense, lest each foot-fall
Brings news—“He gave his country all.”

Army vs. Navy

Our army holds our lands—
Our navy guards the sea—
And both these loyal bands
Now fight for Liberty;
A finer lot of boys,
For land and water, too,
Ne'er heard a battle's noise,
Nor sailed the briney blue.

Each branch fulfills a place
Distinct to it alone;
They enter each a race
And vie to be outshone;
The army boys believe
Their work will win the day—
The navy lads relieve
Their minds another way.

A rivalry upsprings
Between these branches true,
Concerning many things
These factions have to do;

The army loves to boast
It keeps the sailors free
By fortressing the coast
That lies beyond the sea.

The navy lads declare,
With accents broad and rough;
“You give us time to spare?
Where do you get that stuff?”
“You fight for us, 'tis true—
To this we all agree—
But who takes care of you
As you sail across the sea?”

A Woman's Reward

The Fates decreed I cannot fight

With gun upon the line;

Or, in the active throes of war

Claim Victory as mine;

A woman I, by Nature's mold

Unfitted for the fray;

My mission only seems to be

To work, to watch, and pray.

To watch, to work, and pray that Time

Will bring him back to me—

Unscathed from out that "No-Man's

Land,"

That lies beyond the sea;

To work, to watch and pray our boys

May grandly win the fight—

And thence, forever, will this world

Be ruled by conquering Right.

How often do I long to be

A stalwart, forceful man,

Who puts his shoulder to the wheel

And pushes all he can;

Would I were such, a thousand things
Of valor would I do—
To help along the righteous cause
We fight beyond the blue.

And then, methinks, each one must fill
His own true little niche;
Strong men to man the heavy guns,
While women sit and stitch;
And when the final die is cast
We'll find on Judgment Day
Those women merit with the men
Who watch, and work, and pray.

Our Navy Review

Oh, sing us a song of our Navy's sons,
Who sail o'er the wide open sea—
And sing what they did 'mongst the bravest
ones

In the war of our Liberty.
Had ever a ship a handsomer crew?
Nor keener, more valiant band—
Than these boys who fight for the Red,
White and Blue,
And protect our God-favored land.

To the East and the West through old
Ocean's length,
Our sea-bound Republic has stood,
For all time a towering haven of strength,
Inviting the World if it would;
And ever our ships since Farragut's time
Have sailed o'er the blue ocean's crest,
And spread wide the Hope of Freedom
sublime
To the down-trodden and oppressed.

When lo, came command from Arrogance
wild,

Forbidding our use of the sea—
America challenged—man, woman and child,
Arose for our loved Liberty;
And streaming through ports to beat of the
drum

Like unnumbered drops of a mist,
From country and cities where factories hum
Our millions of workers are missed.

“On, forward to France,” is our Nation’s cry;
“Avenge the mad Tyrant’s fierce zeal—
Hold steady our glory-kissed banners on high
And strike for our brave country’s weal;
And give us at once a thousand big ships
To carry our men to the war,
And ten thousand guns with fire spouting lips
To answer the Kaiser’s afar.

Then forth from the fields and the cities’
walls,

Came legions to give of their blood,
Dyed red with the courage that never falls,
No matter how fearful the flood;
And thousands untold where iron masts sway
Over steel decks and parapet,
Stand bold in the flames of the cannon’s play,
And have never been conquered yet.

Midst wintry winds and the hurricane's
 wrath,
 Their valor undaunted remains,
Defending our ships which follow the path
 Where the Hun lies in wait for his gains;
Through starlight and moonlight their
 batteries keep
 Close vigil on landside and wave;
Our countrymen now in security sleep,
 Protected by our sailors brave.

The Immortals

We see them now, not pale in silent death—
But living, brave, resplendent in their breath;
Those gallant men who gave their lives to free
The slave-bound lands that lie beyond the sea.
Great courage never dies, but holds its prize
Aloft, to tantalize our weaker eyes—
And teach the value of unclouded name
To all who seek the laurel wreath of fame.

Their bodies to the earth? Yea, but their souls,
Indelibly affixed to Memory's rolls,
Live on with us, and through all future years
Will our hopes inspire, and assuage our tears.
Men but begin to live, whose lips are stilled
While doing good with which their lives were
filled;

Their characters are molded on the age—
Their breath exhales from History's written page.

Their souls live on with us, and lift us higher—
We consecrate their names with our heart's fire;
We emulate their deeds and their brave end—
To be like them, we all our powers unbend.

To live, to die, to dissipate in mists—
Their names unmentioned on life's coming lists,
Can never be for those whose spirits feel
The impulse to uphold their country's weal.
Oh, gallant hearts, who give your ruddy flow
That Tyranny shall feel its mortal blow,
And drown the Kaiser's minions in their blood
Who drench the fields of France with crimson
flood;
Your names shall live—your Spirits shall endure
And all time keep our institutions pure;
Your influence like fragrance to a flower
Shall cling to men until their dying hour.

Courage

Hearts may be breaking,
And we not know it;
Some pass their fellows
With a pleasant nod;
Their's the real Courage
Who do not show it—
Whose souls meanwhile
Pass under the rod.

There is an agony of deep despair—
Too deep for outward show and care;
Where sympathy leads out in vain
To reach the cause of another's pain.

There may be sorrows too great for sighs,
Where tears no longer fill the eyes—
A wave of the hand, a nod of the head,
May cover the sorrow of a loved one dead.

Perseverance

Not to the swift, the race, nor to the strong;
But to the one who slowly plods along;
Who perseveres with energy each day
To surmount obstacles that bar the way.

No sudden spurt, the gain—nor vivid track of
light—

As marks a meteor's wandering at night;
But only constant effort to uplift
And hold secure some cherished noble gift.

For prowess comes through long continued zeal;
Repeated blows, all broken ends anneal;
Persistent effort ever wins the prize,
Which dangles temptingly before our eyes.

“Abe’s” Victory

Above the summer landscape of the World

Two Eagles in far depths of scintillant blue,
Like shimmering cloudlets almost lost to view,
On cycling pinions round the vault are whirled;
As forest leaves by upward whirlwind twirled
They wheel and dip and rise to heights anew.

Anon, one, tiring of so great a height,

This dizzy ruling over Infinite space,
Foregoes the laurels of such majestic race,
And earthward slowly wheels his forceful flight;
His monstrous wings outstretched reveal their
 might,
And gleaming talons speak no gentle grace.

A somber shadow falls upon the Earth

As slow he wings his ominous course around;
A shadow that with dire calamities abound;
Where all before shone happiness and mirth
Now every evil known to demon birth
Runs riot where this shadow meets the ground.

Where peaceful homes once glorified the land,
Stalks War and Hate a ravaging cause to gain;
Their wake, a tide of insupportable pain,
With rapine, wreck and ruin on every hand;
This shadow like some sad funereal band
Gives mourning for the dead on Earth and
Main.

Our Eagle still at coign of vantage high
Observes the desolation wrought below—
Receives the call to stay this wanton flow,
And straightway leaves his eyrie in the sky;
His whirring pinions toward the Earth draw nigh
To check the other's ceaseless spread of woe.

The welkin echoes loud the battle cries,
The Earth below resounds with deaf'ning ring
The shock and crash of shivering bone and wing
Of this most frightful conflict of the skies;
Now prone upon the Earth black Eagle lies,
Hurled downward like some helpless fluttering
thing.

Aloft on rocky crags o'er beetling steep
The conquering victor prunes his tarnished
dress;
Below, where havoc wrought a desperate stress,
Exulting Nations their thanksgivings keep;
The Prussian Eagle sent his long last sleep—
"Old Abe" pursues all Eagles that oppress.

Our Responsibility

Whose vassals we? Who owns this land?
The time is nearing close at hand
When we are slaves, or we are free—
For that we fight for liberty;
Will we have homes to call our own,
Or sit in wretchedness and moan
O'er houses pillaged and destroyed
By cruel Huns with carnage cloyed?

On us the fate must now depend
Of unborn millions, and their end
No human efforts then can save,
Lest we resist with efforts brave;
The ruthless, unrelenting foe
Leaves us no choice but war's sad woe;
This hour goes out our Heaven-borne
cry—

“Resolve to conquer or to die.”

Our own, our country's honor calls
For men whose courage never falls;
Should we now tamely act and fail,
Our infamy God would bewail;

In His hand Victory will lie—
He gives where noblest spirits try;
To us the World's eyes now upraise—
Then wield the sword and win its praise.

Prove free-born men have greater worth
Than slavish mercenaries of earth;
More wicked are their arts we know—
Yet, we repulse each cruel blow;
Their cause is bad, they know it well—
With maddened zeal brewed deep in Hell
They lull their consciences to sleep,
Or follow blindly like dull sheep.

On your high courage rests the claim
Of refuge from the cannon's flame;
Our wives and children, parents, all
Will wear the chains or burial pall,
If Heaven crowns not our efforts now
To make the Teuton lowly bow;
With faith and firmness our brave swords
May sound the knell of trampling hordes.

Be ours the burden to redress
The wrongs an Empire would impress;
To prove the Freedom we uphold
The New World turns upon the Old;
With "Liberty" our song sublime
We praise the earth—inspire Time,
Until cold slavery's wretched fields
Will warmly give of fruitful yields.

Discipline

Long did I watch from yonder signal tower,
Where youth keeps vigil o'er life's dreamy hour,
To catch one gleam from realms of space afar,
Of that bright harbinger—my Fate's own star.

All through the sunlight of youth's bright day,
When men appear as actors—Life, the play—
I scanned the waves of ocean for one trace
Of that fair ship which comes in Fortune's place.

Hours have I pondered over ancient lore,
To measure there the good that was in store;
But fruitless thus my efforts to descry
The form and manner of my destiny.

One day there came unto my study door
A little thing—a duty—nothing more;
It seemed so weak as it came creeping in,
I did not know its name was "Discipline."

And day by day as I sought far and wide
The light of some great star my steps to guide,
This weakling sat within my own household,
And wove a web about me of pure gold.

When I awoke from idle dreams at last,
I found this golden thread had bound me fast;
I learned that Fate gleams not from out the sky,
But "Duty" is the Star of Destiny.

Remember Me

Remember, Lord, when I shall come
To ask thy just encomium,

Or suffer judgment at thy seat;
That I have each his rights restored,
And thy forgiveness oft implored;
Thy mercy I entreat.

Remember, Lord, that when I sin,
It comes not from the soul within,

Nor from an unkind, evil heart;
But rather from a carefree mind,
Which all-forgetting fails to find
And keep the better part.

Remember, Lord, I here await
Upon thy word most Incarnate,

And hold thy light as sacred truth;
Despise not then my soul's appeal,
But let my years of mature zeal
Outweigh the flaws of youth.

Allan Beaumont

The concave Heavens, like inverted bowl
Of purest crystal, bends o'er Beaumont's Knoll;
Cemented on the West to Earth's far verge,
And to the East, where land and ocean merge;
From summit of this knoll o'erspread with blue
The eye obtains an unobstructed view
Of many miles of undulating land,
Whose park-like aspects pleasantly expand;
Revealing level meads and wooded hills,
Whose simple beauties highest Art fulfills.
Meandering leisurely through meadow soils
The modest streams unfold in sinuous coils;
Like silver ribbons curved in graceful lines
They flow away to vision's faint confines.

The focus, where these landscape pleasures
meet—

This sightly knoll, long has formed the seat
Of wealthy Planter; he, whose honored days
Upholds the pride of staid Virginia's ways;
In solemn massiveness rears Beaumont Hall,
Ionic columns lend their grace withal;

O'er-crusted with a stately discipline
These rugged walls belie the peace within;
For there the font of kindness ever plays,
And gentle invitation often sways
Some welcome visitor to cease to roam,
But there find substitute for home;
And where the guest who would not long to stay
Amidst this warmth of hospitality.

Yet, not as mere composite pile of stone
Was Beaumont Hall through nearby country
known;

Its quiet splendor spoke with eloquence,
Of gentle blood and courtly influence,
Reflecting forth a halo of esteem
For all who hold that virtue is supreme.
Its ivy walls seem crowned with intellect,
Which gives each stone a less severe aspect.
And hither comes aristocratic blood—
The sturdy root, and branch, and dainty bud
Of that great tree which rules the human mind
Through gracious elegance and arts refined;
Here gathers every well-born denizen
Of this fair land of women and strong men.

The history-making men of our great race
The festal boards of Beaumont oft did grace,
Till social prestige makes the certain boast

That Beaumont is the beacon on life's coast;
Here come grave diplomats who undermine
And reconstruct whole nations while they dine;
Surrounding all is that refinement rare,
Consideration and unequalled care,
Which marked the days when gentlemen instilled
Ennobling thoughts—as Chivalry was filled;
And ladies cultivated every art,
Which their distinguished birth could them
impart;
And all illumined were by that soft light
That springs from noble purposes of right.

Along such paths of harmony replete
Young Allan Beaumont found life very sweet;
A soft contentment shone upon his face,
Full transcript of this cheerful, quiet place,
Where first he breathed the sweetly-scented air,
And waking, found the World to be most fair.
From early years, according to God's plan,
Like melting tones of flute, life onward ran—
Perfecting him in all the symmetry
Which filial love and friendship could decree.
While conscious of the power of his own name,
He yet resolved to give it added fame;
To claim a place high in the World's renown,
In realms of genius to wear the princely crown.

Inheritor of name and large estates,
His destiny inspired by good fates,
In future expectations bright appeared
The Goddess Fame with laurel wreath upreared;
To grace the many attributes of worth
Which halo-like hung o'er his favored earth,
And gave to Allan's cultivated brain
The soft cloud lights expressed by Claude
Lorraine.

A woman nurtured carefully from youth,
Endowed with lovely qualities of truth,
Confided her sweet nature to his heart,
And of his love became the greater part;
She stimulated with her soul refined
The noble impulses of his young mind.

Through loving care a mother did exalt
Her perfect child above their common fault—
A fault which many noble people hold,
And which cannot be remedied with gold;
A fault which genius may alone adorn—
The fault, alas, of being lowly born.
Fair Edith's family came of German stock,
And while their intellect would feign unlock
The doors of Beaumont Hall, to let them pass—
There lay that gulf 'twixt they and well-born
class,

The gulf of gentle birth and high prestige,
Across which Love has often thrown a bridge,
And thus invited loved intruder in—
Although e'en this brings censure of a sin.

Another obstacle in time arose
To bring their day of love-dreams to a close;
For soon, the distant mutterings of strife,
Whose sounds had not before reached Beaumont
life,

Came nearer with a loud, discordant tongue,
Awaking bitter thoughts in old and young.
Through strong opinions which o'errule the heart
A friend from friend will erstwhile stray apart;
And Allan gave his mind to Allies' cause,
While she he loved was bound by German laws;
And each pursued a lone and saddened way,
She to her Prussian home, and he to armed affray.

With cheerful eyes youth doth behold the band
Of Hope, which rainbow like o'er-spans the land.
'Ere Allan parted from his Edith with a sigh,
A gleam of yearning love bedewed his eye;
He closed his loved one's form unto his breast,
And while her cheek to his was fondly pressed,
He murmured soft: "We part, but for a time,
While I the rungs of Fortune quickly climb;
On battlefields where shot and shell doth pour,

Amidst the grim realities of war,
More surely than by other paths may Fame
Attach herself unto my youthful name;
In war, the lowly Page becomes a Knight,
It matters not if cause be wrong or right.

“When I return from war, and shout and drum,
Proclaim that I, a hero, homeward come,
My dream will be to have you for my bride,
And crowned with honor, seat you by my side;
And none will dare a finger to onlay,
Or to our wedding give their rightful “Nay.”
When I return a star of first degree,
Whose light hath set my own loved country free,
Then we will take command at Beaumont Hall,
And rule with regal splendor over all.
The greatest minds shall gather 'round our board,
And pay their homage to my wife adored;
'Till then, be true, and ever wait for me,
And I'll be true, and surely come to thee.”

Then to his loved one Allan bid adieu,
Believing his young dreams would still prove true;
But poison seems to dwell in things of earth,
Which robs achievement of its cherished worth,
And over each ambition casts a spell
That lures man's feet 'neath shades of asphodel.

Man trims his lamp and by its fitful glare
Attempts the fickle moth of Fame to snare;
Or hotly presses Fortune on the wing,
To yield to him some fondly wished-for thing;
No sooner grasps his hand the longed-for prize
Than unseen obstacles at once arise,
And by their ruthless certainty destroy
The pleasures of anticipated joy.

We pluck a red-cheeked apple from the tree—
Or orange, golden with the sun's degree;
Or lovely rose that droops its crimson head—
Or banded bee at rest on fragrant bed;
Or sip we nectar in a lover's charms—
Or love the prattling babe in parent's arms—
Or seek we any pleasure to attain,
In each and all we find a fatal stain.
A worm the heart of apple doth devour;
The orange turns to bitterness and sour;
The lovely rose conceals a jagged thorn,
While hidden dart of bee is not foreborne;
A lover's ecstasy brings sad regret,
And parent's hope must pay stern Nature's debt.

Proud Allan's family name brought him the prize
He dearly sought for to appease his eyes—
A uniform with dazzling bits of gold,

Yet he was truly brave and dashing bold;
He, with the foreign legion bound his name,
Whose mad exploits won them lasting fame.
On battlefields of overridden France
Our Allan charged the foe with sword and lance,
And drove the German hordes back to their lines,
Whene'er they ventured from their own confines.
So fierce his onslaughts, and so bold his way,
They oft relied on him to win the day—
Until the foe retreated at the sight
Of Allan Beaumont leading on the fight.

One day a trench raid of excessive force
Brought Edith's brother 'cross her Allan's course,
And there, a duel, until Allan swooned,
And Edith's brother dropped with mortal wound.
On furlough home this brother came to tell
And curse her Allan with the curse of Hell;
And Edith's heart was torn with sad distress,
While she, her dying brother's hand did press—
And heard her family's prayers of awful hate
They pledged to pour on Allan's dreaded fate;
And then, to reach the climax of despair—
'Twas all revealed that she had loved him there—
At Beaumont's Knoll, where they had plighted
troth—

Her tyrant relatives grew fearful wroth,

And threatened her with cruel vengeance dire
If her affections did not thence expire.
Heart-broken, with full share in Allan's curse,
She left her home to be a Red Cross nurse;
And time now brought her to the English base,
Where she nursed and blessed those of an alien
race.

You feign would guess the rest of this sad tale?
From Life's true aspect we but lift the veil;
How Allan meets his brave young death at last—
His final hours in Edith's sweet arms passed;
How one more name is placed on Honor's Roll
In that wide hall at lovely Beaumont Knoll;
How Edith gives her strength, her health and all
To nurse the wounded soldiers as they fall;
Till now, these two both lie beneath the sod,
Their souls entwined forever before God.







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